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OR,

FOOTPRINTS OF ANCIENT COMMUNISM.

By MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES.

SAN FRANCISCO :
PUBLISHED BY I. N. CHOYNSKI, CORNER SECOND AND JESSIE STS.
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DEDICATION.

To all those whose interest in the present of our noble State, and hopes for its rapidly unfolding future, lead them to look back to its singular and remarkable past, this little work is dedicated.

With no party feeling, no sectarian bias, to the great heart of humanity, I confide these pages, and should any chord throb in unison with mine, as we retrace the marvellous history of our State, and point to the possibilities of its future—in that I shall find my best reward.

From all those to whom familiar scenes and places may be endeared by the associations of unselfish effort and brave endeavor, I invite a hearing, and from those to whom in any land California is dear as the homes or resting place of some loved being, I bespeak a kindly welcome for these pages.

E. H.

THE
CALIFORNIA OF THE PADRES;

OR,

FOOTPRINTS OF ANCIENT COMMUNISM.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH HUGHES.

Looking at the progressive and liberal movement of the present century, it appears, superficially considered, like a vast process of disintegration, which alike menaces danger to the individual and destruction to present political and social systems. It is only when we look deeper that we see that this young, new and glowing life throbbing in the veins of the present century, means neither death nor decomposition, but struggle to throw off effete conditions, which shall result in a more complete return to spiritual and physical health, both on the part of society and of the individual. Still, how much we have to learn, how deep the necessity of taking counsel with God in us, with God in each other, that we may know whither we are going and at what we are aiming, and do not fall into the many snares that beset us in the uncertain twilight of the day in which we live. To receive truth and light as naturally as the earth receives rain and sunshine is the soul's happy normal condition. In the conflicts of the present day it is sometimes interesting to turn

for a while to the past, to remember what was before us on the land we now tread—we, the pilgrims of a day, so soon to pass away, even as those who preceded us have passed away in the long procession of the centuries, leaving behind them the memorials of their existence, their ideas in concrete matter, even as we enstamp ourselves on the images we ourselves create, and we are visible long after we cease to be so.

Will the reader now accompany me for a short time to the early days of California, long previous to '49, and make some acquaintance with the land and people, while the gold still slept in the hills, and herds strayed and fed over the millions which the strong hand of the Anglo-Saxon has torn from the soil? Scattered up and down our rapidly growing State, monuments of an epoch already past, stand the rudely built, yet picturesque edifices known as Missions. These consist of a church, generally substantially built of adobe and plastered, of a peculiar, but not ungraceful style of architecture, and various outbuildings subserving the purposes of barns, granaries or dwellings. These Missions, from their attractive situations, have often become the sites of towns, and, in many cases, the pueblos or villages formed by the settlement of the Spanish soldiers attached to the garrison of the Mission, the germs of cities.

Such is Los Angeles, the seeds of whose prosperity were sown by the grape culture introduced by the Padres, and whose flocks and herds, covering hill and valley, were mainly due to the enterprise and energy of men who, in the 17th and 18th centuries, worked not for themselves but for their idea of duty. That idea might not be yours or mine. It might not have been theirs, had they lived to-day, but they were faithful to it, and to-day the world reaps the fruit of the trees that they planted, and of the seed that they sowed. Father Ugarte, in 1701, imported cattle and breeding animals, and was the first white man who broke ground in California, for the purpose of raising grain. The Mission San Gabriel is

nine miles from Los Angeles. It is built on slightly elevated ground, a noble structure overlooking the whole valley towards the east. The orange orchard of the Padres is still in full bearing. Father Zelueda first planted the vine in San Gabriel. He planted 75,000 stocks. This Mission was founded in 1771. 3000 Indians were attached to it. It possessed 100,000 cattle, 20,000 horses, and more than 40,000 sheep. There were superb orchards, and kitchen gardens well fenced by hedges of prickly pear, the remains of which exist to-day. And now, at this date, 1875, after an American occupation of so many years, the traveller as he passes along that beautiful and fertile valley, watered by its two rivers, the San Gabriel and the Los Angeles, on casting his eye on to the gentle slope of the beautiful mountain, sees an edifice that, at the distance, looks princely. On no other such building does the eye rest. American enterprise has reared nothing that so attracts the eye. It is the antique Mission of San Gabriel. On approaching nearer, you see that it is coarsely, though substantially built, as might be expected from its Indian workmanship; but it was planned from the soul, and still speaks to the soul.

Father Zelueda had negotiated with an American house to make a fence round the vineyard, and was on the point of having all the materials ready when the secularization took place. This community sent a ship to San Blas every year, loaded with oil, hemp and flax. Occasionally, one was despatched to Lima with soap and tallow. Bret Harte and others sneer at their treatment of the Indians. But are the Indians any better off to-day, lying around the streets of Los Angeles like masterless dogs, and half the time in the calaboose or chain-gang? There are races that seem never to rise beyond childhood, and need wise training. San Diego was the first Mission founded by the Franciscans in Upper California, and was called the Mother Mission; it is now called old San Diego, and is three miles from the shore. New Town, or

South San Diego is on the Bay, a beautifully situated and pleasant town. The Franciscans took possession of the country after the expulsion of the Jesuits, and founded most of the Missions in Upper California, as far north as San Francisco, which queen city of the Pacific was named after their patron saint. Lying in one of the most beautiful valleys south of the Tejon Pass, are the remains of the Mission of Santa Isabel. Where once the bell summoned the Indians to church, all is now silent. The American ranchero does not keep Sunday as a general thing. He sits and calculates the time when his earnings shall enable him to enter temporarily or permanently into the life of cities, or he enjoys in his isolation the glories and advantages which nature pours around him:—the unequalled climate, the mountain chase, the savage freedom, the independent life. The ruined church and buildings are now occupied as dwellings and storehouses, and the beautiful valley, with its gently rising hills, is a cattle ranch.

San Fernando, about twelve miles from Los Angeles, is remarkable for picturesque and tropical beauty. A widely extended valley, with nearly a level surface, bounded by distant ranges of mountains, at first presents itself. These mountains have a peculiarly barren look, but this defect is almost compensated for by the various and beautiful shades of color they assume—blue, brown and purple—contrasting finely with the clear transparent skies and with the even surface of the valley. The road is bordered by a low growth of shrubbery and cactus. On turning the point of a hill, you come suddenly upon the Mission buildings, which, with their surrounding gardens, stand seemingly isolated in the midst of a desert plain, and produce a most beautiful effect. The gardens were enclosed by walls, but the graceful palm rose above them, and groves of olive, lemon and orange trees could be seen within. Outside the walls, the surface is barren and gravelly, and the fertility within is the result of irri-

gation. The building presented an imposing appearance, having a long portico formed by a colonnade with twenty arches, built of brick or adobe, plastered and whitewashed. The floor was paved with tiles, and a pleasant promenade in front of the edifice was afforded. In the days of the prosperity of the Mission, a large fountain, with a circular basin ten feet or more in diameter, rose directly in front of the main building. This fountain is now in ruins. Its beautiful jet no longer refreshes the palm trees, and is blown back upon the flowers. A great variety of tropical fruits still exist there, bearing testimony to the skillful horticulture and industry of the community; and though the forms of the men who reared the colonnade and sought refreshment and relaxation in these walks, from the cares of business or from the labors of their mission, have long since passed away, their memory still survives in the breath of the orange blossoms, in the melancholy and sweetness of the palm, the tree of the desert, the tree of the solitary, communing more with the heavens than with the earth, disdaining to spread its branches near the soil, but lifting up in the blue air far above our heads, its flowers and its fruit. The message of peace and good will to man still flows forth from the vines which they planted, and the new plants with which they enriched the soil. I seem to see them yet, those men of peace and earnestness, those pioneers of the first Missions—Ugarte and Salva Tierra. Smilingly they greet the Franciscan, and congratulate him on his success. Can we not fancy that love for a spot so endeared by long years of toil and endeavor may yet draw them near a place sacred to so many recollections? Has Ugarte forgotten his beloved California, for which his hands and head toiled so willingly? Has Salva Tierra forgotten the privations of La Paz, which were crowned by the abundance of San Fernando? No. I think that in the glorious moonlights of that southern clime, the eyes of the seer might discern the forms of the Franciscans, as they

glide through the colonnade or steal down the deserted walks, white with the rain of orange blossoms, to the ruined fountain. As they converse together they seem to smile, for with eyes unsealed and annointed with eternal day, they descry a brighter and happier time for the pleasant land of their adoption, when united effort shall bring back peace and plenty, and the laws of God written on the heart, brain and body of man shall be revered as much as that which is written in books, and they are in peace, *requiescat in pace*, for they are in love, and hope, and faith.

Let us go farther north. Near the city of San Francisco is the Mission Dolores, built about a hundred years ago. It consists of a church with quite extensive out-buildings. The adobe walls of the church are three or four feet thick. The church is still used for divine service. The screen behind the altar is decked with gilding and an harmonious mixture of colors, figures of saints in relief, rude but not unpleasing, suggestive of former times and of an earlier age. The ceiling is stained, the seats are of oak, and there are little pictures of saints upon the walls. A spirited fresco, the work of some artist-priest, some California Fra Bartolomeo, occupies part of one side the building. The church joins the cemetery. You enter a little wicket gate which leads to the field of the dead. It is a quiet, peaceful place. I know not where there is a pleasanter rest for weary flesh and aching hearts. It fronts the south, and the hills, covered in winter and spring with velvety verdure, close round it, and, as it were, shelter it. Roses creep around the tombs and run up the walls of the church. A low wall fences it in from the adjoining meadows. The Mission is the terminus of the street cars. Through low-lying sand-hills, following the car-track, you arrive at San Francisco. On arriving at Market street, a somewhat stately building faces you—a church and college dedicated to St. Ignatius, the founder of the Order of the Jesuits. This feared and detested Order, then, again asserts

itself. Expelled from California, and replaced by the Franciscans, it rears its head again, and shows its indomitable front. Still we must confess that for us the interest attaches to the antique church, the simple shrine, the homely Mission. The new buildings are substantial and convenient. They strike the eye but do not touch the heart. We feel instinctively that the monastery and the church belong to the past; that the religious sentiment must have its supreme place in the grand coronal arch, but must not crush out, but rather guard and protect the other attributes of man's sacred and complex nature; for there is not one of these that can be spared or ignored without visiting its neglect or extinction with the severest and most tremendous penalties.

The Mission of Santa Barbara is still a picturesque and attractive object in the landscape, whether from the sea or from the shore. The church is of stone, one hundred and sixty feet long by sixty wide; the walls are eight feet in thickness; the height of the nave is forty feet. It was flanked with two towers, with rich-toned bells brought from Spain. The altar is adorned with the images of Saints, and before the altar is a trap door, leading to vaults where are deposited the remains of the Mission Fathers who died at the station. The Fathers' house adjoined the church, and looked toward the sea. Rows of Indian huts in adobe were at a little distance from the house. A pleasant garden was laid out near the church, in which flourished the fruits of the tropics with those of the temperate zone. The orange grew beside the apple; the pear mingled its white blossoms with the almond. But the expense and taste with which the water was brought into the Mission is what most attracted the eye and showed the love of beauty which, in the wilderness, still clung to the men who had passed their youth and manhood in courts, camps or cities. I use the past tense in speaking of this, as it is very possible that, in the rapid march of improvements in the now flourishing town of Santa

Barbara, many of these traces may be obliterated. Water was brought from beyond the church, around the brow of a gently rising hill, to a square reservoir of beautiful masonry. Near this were the ruins of a grist mill, and not far from the mill a small stone edifice, surmounted with a cross, which appears to have been used as a bath. Outside the door of the bath was a lion's head, from which poured a beautiful jet of water. In front of the church was a fountain, with a series of circular basins of simple yet elegant shape, from the top of which the water burst and fell from one to the other, till it reached a larger basin below. From this it was led off a short distance to the statue of a grizzly bear, from whose mouth it was ejected into a reservoir of solid masonry, six feet wide and seventy long. Around these fountains were solid, cemented stone pavements and ducts to convey off the the surplus water. In a climate where fertility as well as comfort depends upon irrigation, nothing could be more judicious or in better taste.

Such were some of the relics of early California. To me they possess a peculiar charm. The work done in them was done in the face of many dangers, and oftentimes in suffering and privation. The large ranch houses, of a date coeval with the latter period of the history of the Missions, have also their own peculiar and picturesque interest. Life was carried on there in a grand, old, patriarchal fashion. There was room for the development of strong and powerful natures, who made themselves known far and wide, like the brave and eccentric Col. Williams of the Rancho del Chino, whose generosity almost kept alive, at one time, the starving Mormon emigration of San Bernardino. Mr. Rubidoux's ranch is another picturesque dwelling among the hills, where, at one time, riding alone and caught in a severe storm, I was hospitably received. Mr. Rubidoux was a French gentleman, a cotemporary of Col. Williams, with one of those fine aristocratic countenances that seem to belong to the ancient

regime. He was unable to leave his room from an accident, which illustrates the primitive mode of living of even the wealthy rancheros. He had not slept in a bed for many years; but one night, from some unforeseen circumstance, he was induced to occupy one. Hearing some unusual noise, he turned out very suddenly, and, not being prepared for so unusual a descent, lamed himself for life. The calm which the contemplation of these peaceful communities, faulty as they might be in many respects, has shed into my soul is very delightful. "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you," is breathed into our souls at times with accents sweet as a gale from heaven. The conflict of interests in present conditioned society is unfavorable to the development of the supreme satisfaction of life, and everywhere antagonisms are becoming more bitter and more pronounced. The fight between starvation on the one hand, and the plethora of riches on the other; between the voluptuous satiety of the rich and the terrible lone starvation of multitudes who are going mourning through life, orphaned in the midst of plenty; the desperate fatality which makes the rich grow richer and the poor poorer every day; and the crowding of all these volcanic elements into our large cities, where, at any moment, a spark may light on the powder magazine of all these pent-up feelings and cause an explosion—all this makes the social atmosphere heavy, even for those who are out of the vortex of present suffering. What must it be, then, for those who see no hope before them—whose outlook in life is as blank as a prison court-yard. For this reason, there is a very wide and growing interest felt on the subject of community life, and these interesting relics may suggest some thoughts on that subject.

THE CONQUEST OF CALIFORNIA.

We will now go back some three hundred years and see by what steps the conquest of California was effected, the

kind of people that were then living there, and what part the Missions played therein. In the year of our Lord 1526, the country now called California was as much unknown as the interior of Africa is to us at present. The restless and all-inquiring spirit was just beginning to awaken in man, which seeks to know and explore every nook and corner of his grand inheritance, the globe, with all its diverse climates and conditions. At that time the Viceregal Court of Spain and New Mexico was the seat of great power and splendor. The daring Spanish conqueror, Cortez, was then in the zenith of his power, married to a noble Spanish lady, and having at his control the vast wealth of the conquered countries. Desiring to discover and subject still more territory, he fitted out two ships at Acapulco, commanded by Don Juan Ximenes, which sailed to La Paz; but on landing, himself and twenty others were killed. Cortez, hearing of this, undertook an expedition, but returned without success. No less than seven expeditions sailed from New Spain for California, all of which were failures. These various expeditions included the space from 1526 to 1683, which was the date of Admiral Ontondo's expedition, with whom came Father Rino to La Paz. But even this last expedition was a failure, for he gave an account to the Viceroy of New Mexico that, besides wasting three whole years, there had been expended 225,000 crowns of the royal revenue. It was decided that the conquest of California was impracticable by these means, and that the reduction should be offered to the Society of Jesuits, with the offer of the necessary sums. There does seem something strange in this, when you reflect upon what Spain was at that time—flushed with success, mad for conquest, in the most haughty and proud period of the whole Spanish monarchy—in the lifetime of such men as Cortez and Pizzaro, the plumed darlings of success and conquest, before whom the civilized empire of Mexico, its traditions and government had melted away as a dream of the night.

And these men and their peers to be foiled before the isolated, unknown and northerly California, and call its conquest impracticable, is a singular fact in history and in the programme which higher powers arrange for nations and individuals, must have had some wise and determinate purpose. The General of the Jesuits decided that, though they were willing to supply missionaries, that they did not wish to take upon themselves the temporal concerns of the conquest; and, in short, looked upon it much as did the temporal powers, as an impracticable and not feasible undertaking.

The Mission settlements of the Jesuits in California were not so much the work of the Order as of the invincible energy of three men, directed hither by some powerful spiritual impression, who, in the midst of all discouragements and difficulties, never lost heart, ready and willing at any time to die at their post, and of rare practical ability. These men were Father Rino, Father Juan Ugarte, and Father Salva Tierra. Father Rino had been Professor of Mathematics at Ingolstadt, where his liberality of feeling and sweetness of disposition won great respect. He had considerable scientific training, and was quite a practical man. It was he who first ascertained that Lower California was a peninsula, and not an island. Father Salva Tierra was a Jesuit Missionary in Pimeria, Sonora. Him Father Rino interested in the California work. His perseverance and energy in this undertaking were remarkable. Several times he applied to the Society for a license to undertake the work, and was refused, the General looking upon it as impracticable. At last he got a license, and, in 1697, came to Mexico to raise collections for beginning the work. There he met Father Ugarte, who was then Professor of Philosophy in the College there. Many an interview did these two men have in that grand old city of Mexico, till Salva Tierra, fresh from his wild pastorate of Sonora, influenced the mind of Ugarte with the desire to participate with him in the toils and dangers of his unknown

but glorious Mission, and relinquish the calm ease of his student's life and the enjoyment of the revenues of his chair of philosophy in the richest city of the New World for the dangers, hardships, labors and privations which were to constitute the basis of the life laid out before him.

Father Tierra then left Mexico and went to Sinaloa, appointing Ugarte as his agent in Mexico. He set sail from Mexico with an escort of ten soldiers, commanded by Don Juan Tortoleros. On the third day they made California, and landed not far from the site of the present town of Loreta, where the coast forms itself into a half-moon, five leagues from point to point. A convenient spot near a watering place, about a league and a half from the shore, was chosen as an encampment, and the provisions and animals were landed, together with the baggage ; the Father, though the head of the expedition, bearing the first load on his shoulders. The barracks for the little garrison were then built, and a line of circumvallation was thrown up. In the centre a tent was pitched for a temporary chapel, and before the tent was erected a crucifix, with a garland of the beautiful and brilliant flowers of the country. Everything being disposed of in the best way possible, the image of our Lady of Loreto, as patroness of the *conquest*, was brought from the ship and placed with proper solemnity in the chapel. Such was the first successful attempt at the conquest of California; the image of a woman, the simple faith of a man, a man of works as well as of prayer and faith! May we not be proud of such a conquest and such a history? No battle drum sounded the alarm, no flag was lowered, no blood was spilt; but from a quiet ship, on a serene day, under these glorious heavens, came a chief with no sword but that of the Spirit and the image of a lovely woman engarlanded with flowers. What other nation has had such a conquest and such a history?

Possession was then taken of the country in the name of the king, after the manner of European voyagers. They

were dependent on New Spain for subsistence, as no supplies were then procurable in the country. Provisions ran so short that there were only three small sacks of maize and three of meal left, and these were full of maggots, but before they quite got to starvation point, the "San Joseph," with supplies from Father Ugarte, hove in sight. Father Tierra says, in his journal: "I write this narrative, uncertain whether I shall live to make an end of it, for our necessity from want of supplies is very great." Encouraged and strengthened by the timely aid, they erected works of defence and buildings within the camp, which was enlarged and fortified with a palisade and the strong branches of trees. A chapel for placing our Lady in was built of stone and clay, besides three little dwellings, one for the Fathers, another for the Captain, and the third for a magazine. Hardly were these preparations completed, when an attack was made on the Missions by the natives, incited by the Hecherosos or Sorcerers, in which the latter were defeated. It was not until later that the enterprise and energy of Father Ugarte made the Missions independent of the constant danger of extinction by famine. Father Tierra petitioned the Government that the garrison should be paid on the burgs' account, as others on the frontiers were; saying, however, that happen what would, he and Father Piccolo should remain, even though left alone with the savages. Still, as they had indulged in the hope of the submission of the country to the dominion of Spain, he requested that they would bestow on California a small vessel. The Viceroy treated this very coldly, and offered one thousand crowns for the use of the Missions; but Ugarte declined receiving it. He said that 30,000 crowns per annum had been offered to the Order, and much had been accomplished by them already without aid from Government. About this time tidings of the California enterprise reached the Court of Spain, and some interest was excited; large sums were promised but were never paid. Re-

ports were spread that the Fathers had found great treasures in California. This was not enough; troubles almost always come together. Mendoza, the Captain of the garrison, seeing no chance of making a fortune, and being weary of the restraints the Fathers imposed upon him, with regard to employing Indians in the pearl fishery, wrote to Spain in this manner: "I see no other remedy for putting a stop to these romantic and rash schemes, than to give an account to the General of the Order, desiring him that he would order home these two religious fanatics, and secure them in a place where they may receive the punishment they deserve;" and he adds, "for my part, imprison me and chain me in a castle, as a warning to those that come after me, that they may not be carried away by such delusions." These reports, which were widely circulated, cooled the zeal of a great many contributors, and placed the Fathers in a worse position than ever. They only now waited to dismiss their garrison, and remain alone among Indians often hostile, until they heard news from Mexico. In the meantime, having given up all hopes of further assistance, but still undismayed and hopeful, Ugarte resolved to take his share in the labors and dangers of his brethren, and having collected what he could, left Mexico on the 3d of December, 1700, and commenced the life of pioneer, missionary and explorer, which was to be his to the end.

MISSIONARY WORK.

Ugarte went by way of Guadalajara, and gave orders to send the long boat with provisions to Loreto. There he found the Fathers not only bearing the weight of neglect and disappointment, but also on very short allowance of provisions, no supplies having been received since October. However, in a few days, the boat with provisions from Sinaloa arrived. Tierra was then absent, having gone to Sonora to collect assistance. There he met Rino, and they sent on from Guay-

mas beasts for breeding and provisions. Rino, who was by nature a geographer and explorer, discussed with Salva Tierra schemes for subjecting these vast and unknown regions to the king of Spain; and they decided that while one should carry his spiritual conquests along Upper California, the other should penetrate and subjugate the interior of the country.

These men must have had heroic souls. Poor, unsupported, characterized as insane fools deserving restraint by the Captain of their own garrison, they agitate these projects as calmly and quietly as if within the shadow of the college walls at Ingolstadt or Mexico.

Rino informed his friend of the long and perilous journey in which he had discovered that Lower California was not an island but a peninsula; how he came to the junction of the great river Colorado with the Gila, and came within sight of the great Southern Sea, as they called the Pacific Ocean. Tierra desired him to undertake a second journey, to cross from Sonora to the Colorado, and then to proceed along the coast of Lower California on the shores of the gulf, to the Mission of Loreto. When they arrived at San Marcalo, Rino remarked it as the only place on the coast proper for settling a mission, the soil being fit for tillage and pasture, and abounding in water. They continued their journey until they had a clear view of the cordillera of California. Provisions now grew short, so they decided to return, Father Rino to San Marcalo, to establish a Mission there, and Salva Tierra back to Sonora to collect for his Mission, and from thence to sail to Loreto.

Ugarte and Salva Tierra met at Loreto, in the spring of the year 1701. Ugarte had, at first, no license to remain, but obtained one through his colleague, and the friends so united in their work, faith and zeal, had the privilege of remaining together for awhile, as it was necessary for Ugarte to learn the language.

Mendoza, the choleric Captain, became more and more

troublesome; he still hankered after the pearl fishery, for which the gulf of California is celebrated, but the Fathers would not allow the Indians to be oppressed, and after a series of appeals to the authorities, and recriminations with the Fathers, Mendoza resigned his post.

At the end of the year, Ugarte having become somewhat familiar with the language, established a Mission in the Vigge mountains, called St. Xavier. He set out with a few soldiers, but the soldiers gave him so much trouble, that he preferred to remain alone among the Indians, committing himself to Providence. He spent the whole day alone. At night an Indian boy came to the door of his humble dwelling. He received him kindly, entertained him and sent a message by him to the tribe, desiring that they should come and see him, as the soldiers were all gone.

The ex-Professor of Philosophy had work enough before him in his new home; not only to teach religious truth as he understood it, but to teach them to live as a self-supporting community, to discipline these fierce, untamed, nomadic people into the strictest form of obedience. This is a very interesting part of the social problem the Fathers attempted to solve. They builded wiser than they knew, and though the contact of advanced races with those less progressed inevitably discourages and oppresses the latter, still; these peaceful conquerors sacrificed no lives, made holocaust of no whole tribes, as did the military conquerors of Mexico and Peru. They sought to gather together and bind, not to tear apart and destroy, and their memory has a soothing charm, a magnetic influence that is felt in approaching the places where they lived and worked; for the spirit of no thought, no deed, no effort, ever transacted on this earth is lost, but remains forever, and is as perceptible in its effluence as is the mush which was used in building certain chambers in the Pyramids. Ugarte had to alienate these Indians from their career and change their modes of life. He taught them to

work, as well by example as by precept, was himself ever first and foremost; farmer, bricklayer, carpenter, as well as priest. He seemed to be everywhere present, and had need of all his mildness and gentleness, as well as energy, to sustain him in his labors with an unthrifty and lazy people. Then was first developed by civilized man the fertility of this wondrous California soil. Ugarte made choice of good land, which produced abundantly. He planted vines, raised plentiful harvests of wheat, maize, and other grains, bred horses and sheep, and not only supplied the wants of his own people, but was able to assist the mother Mission at Loreto. When New Spain was suffering from scarcity occasioned by want of rain, he says, "We eat here good bread of our own harvests." Then he bethought himself of clothing. His sheep being sufficiently increased, he himself made the distaff, spinning-wheel and looms, and sent to Tepique for a master weaver, to teach the Indians and superintend the manufacture.

In the meantime, Salva Tierra had been summoned to Mexico on business. The Government felt that the missionaries were a power, and wished to have some understanding with them for its own purposes, but how is it possible for politicians and tricksters to understand the aims and hopes of men who have risen far above their times, and above themselves, who have borne the burden and heat of the day, who have communed with the stars in their lonely night watches, who have been accustomed to rely on God and on themselves, to whom all forms of danger and hardship are familiar, whose daily bread is self-denial, and who are so accustomed to it that, by degrees, that bitter bread that seasons all their meat is become palatable to them.

Salva Tierra was almost worn out with labor, his health was failing, and he was afflicted with the stone, which made travelling very painful to him. But he obeyed the summons. He landed in an almost dying state, and was carried

to Guadalajara on a litter by the Indians. There he lay sick for two months, unable to proceed farther, but attended by some of his beloved California converts. Visions rose before him in his parting hour of the land of his adoption, such as he had foreseen it would be, the scene of peace and cheerful industry. The day was dawning ; the day star had arisen in his soul ; and on a beautiful summer day, in presence of his children and his colleagues, he was received into his heavenly home.

That year a terrible hurricane swept over California. The fathers thought that the reason why the hills were so bare, was that these hurricanes swept the vegetation and soil clear off them. Ugarte's church and house were blown down, and he only saved his life by remaining twenty-four hours under a rock, exposed to all the severity of the weather.

Two more Missions were founded. The first ship ever built in California was built and named by Ugarte, "The Triumph of the Cross." What resolution ! What patience ! what knowledge of the savage heart it must have taken to make of these Indians, whom no one else has ever known how to utilize, farmers, weavers, and even shipbuilders. Surely that was a great social problem to solve, to unite elements so diverse in a common aim. There were many mistakes made, doubtless ; we are all making them ; but the attempt was made, and to a certain extent, successfully. In six years, at La Paz, there was a congregation of 800 Indians ; many savages were persuaded to live in friendship, and considerable land was cultivated. In 1721, Ugarte surveyed the Gulf of California in his ship "Triumph of the Cross." He verified Rinos' discoveries, and ascertained the position of the best ports and harbors ; but he suffered severely from inflammatory rheumatism, contracted from exposure and fatigue in bad weather. He also made many charts and maps. Father Lugardo consecrated the whole of his private fortune to found the Mission of San Ignacio, and planted vines, olive trees, figs, and sugar-cane.

THE ABORIGINAL INHABITANTS.

And who were the people who held their own against the conquerors of Mexico? The scattered remnants exist at present; the gentle, silent Indians of the Mission, generally found with a great admixture of Spanish blood; the scattered dwellers of the rancherias; and sometimes scattered families building their little brush houses, as we see them in Los Angeles, on the land where they are employed, but which they no longer own. Melancholy and scattered waifs of the great human family, calmly fronting an inevitable destiny with the patience and resignation peculiar to the dark races, and those races whose doom is written, who belong not to the future, but to the past. They had their day too; and it may be interesting to know what they were in their primitive condition, when they were the natural lords of all their surroundings, and could develop their peculiar life and idiosyncracies as freely as the deer of their mountains, or the pine trees which they so love. Many has been the piteous appeal to the white man to spare the pine, the Indian's bread and food, whose shadow is so sweet to him, and whose rich nuts nourish him. With the stern footsteps of destiny, as the white man advances, the Indian recedes and perishes. Individually, what does the white man gain? A life of fevered ambition for the attainment of an uncertain end, the cares which attach to the battle of life in the hand to hand fight which we call civilization. Is the Indian, sitting in the sun, with his natural wants measurably supplied, surrounded by his dusky family, less happy than his white brother, though he fronts the setting instead of the rising sun, whose long level rays are leading him on to the starlighted land of shadow, which we must all pass through, to hail the rising of a better and more enduring day?

During the time when the Indians reigned undisturbed in California, they had no chief whom they acknowledged, or to whom they paid tribute. Every family governed itself.

In the rancherias, or even in the nations, there were one, two, or more who gave orders for the harvest, or for military expeditions, conducted them to the forests or sea coasts in search of food, and headed them in wars, ravages and depredations. These children of nature instinctively recognized the right of the ablest to govern, and as there was not much political intriguing among them, which is the curse and cancer of our degenerate day, that was probably one reason why they were so successful in repulsing the expeditions sent out against them. In all other particulars than this concession of the right of the ablest to govern, every one was master of his own liberty. They had neither temples nor altars, nor any fixed vows, prayers or expiations. They had an idea of the unity of God as a pure spirit, and believed that there was a vast universe of spiritual beings. They said that there were many more inhabitants in heaven than on earth, by heaven meaning the great universe of spiritual beings; and they had an idea that there had formerly existed great wars there. They had priests who were called Hecherosos or Socerers, who had great influence among them. These men claimed to hold intercourse with spirits, after the fashion of the classic oracles, and the modern mediums. These men were also physicians. They claimed that they were not only inspired by spirits, but were identified with the very spirits themselves, who used their organs for a mouthpiece. Sometimes they said that they had been to heaven, and communed with deities. It was very difficult to detach the natives from the influence of these spiritual guides. The boys belonging to the Missions would often disappear, and join in their mystic rites, at the time of the gathering of the Pityhayas nuts; and the greatest danger to the Missions arose from their influence.

Such were the people who listened to the murmur of the pines in the Sierras, ere the axe of the woodman had felled one goodly tree—who roamed in the fertile plains of the

Sacramento, and celebrated their mystic rites in the deep recesses of the Yosemite.

But the hour struck in that wonderful clock of destiny, which measures our lives and our days, and the greater days of the rise and fall of nations, in the eternal procession of all things ; and the men were about to appear, who, in some strange, inexplicable manner, were to subdue and utilize them, subdue them not by the sword of the flesh, but by that of the spirit, and utilize them as they have never been utilized before or since. There was a ferocity, too, about these formidable savages, only equalled by the almost hyena-like savageness of the Fiji Islanders.

During the period of disturbance which occurred soon after the death of Father Ugarte, a ship put in for fresh provisions. The scurvy was on board very badly. The pinnace went on shore with a whole boat's crew. They had no sooner landed than they were killed and torn to pieces by a host of furious savages ; and the pinnace was quickly demolished for the sake of the nails and iron. And yet these men could be tamed and set to work by a few unarmed priests ! What could the spell be ? It was this :—That aside from their creed, aside from their churchianity, these men were possessed of a living faith, and the submission to the Divine Will, not to their own will, that characterizes sincerely religious minds ; and this faith is, after all, the only power in the human soul that has ever been able to move political or social mountains. The immense power of the human will, energized by the Divine, has hitherto been quite underestimated as a factor in the great movement of current events. The power that one man or one woman can exercise in this way is truly remarkable ; and in proportion to their numbers, and the closeness of their union on any one given point, grows the power. The California Indians, as we have shown from the most authentic records into which we have searched carefully, were a nation of spiritualists, governed by their

mediums, as the Hecherosos really were. Thence the secret of their power to resist even the conqueror of Mexico ; thence the foiling of successive armaments. As in ancient times, at the advent of Christ, that central man through whose human form so much of the Divine God Light radiated, the Oracles became dumb.

“Apollo from his shrine could no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving,
No nightly trance or breathed spell inspired
The pale-eyed priest in the prophetic cell.”

So these three earnest men that I have named, and their compeers, coming with their hearts full of a higher aspiration, were able to subdue the inferior spiritual forces, which the brute force of the Spanish government was unable to tame, even under such men as Cortez.

I am no advocate of Romanism, but we have to free ourselves of all prejudice, even against Romanism. The divine groupings of the future will draw to us out of the Roman Church, out of the Protestant Church, out of the infidel and Spiritualist meetings, out of the kingdoms of the East and India, out of the farthest isles of the sea, those who may fitly tread the aisles of the Catholic Universal Church, which has no head, but our common Father, no limit, but universal humanity.

REVOLT OF THE TRIBES.

In 1730 Father Ugarte died, after thirty years labor in California. He entered into rest within the walls of the mother Mission at Loreto. A noble man was Juan Maria Ugarte. The inspiration of his memory will not depart as long as the velvet hills of California sleep in the sun, or the great stream of the Colorado flows into the gulf whose boundaries he surveyed. He was the most energetic and practical of the triumvirate of the three earliest pioneers of California. The loss of his powerful arm and personal influence was severely felt.

A beautiful young girl was growing up in one of the Indian families attached to the church. She attracted the notice of an influential man of another tribe outside its pale, who had already several wives. The practice of polygamy was discouraged by the Fathers, but he succeeded in carrying her off, and was so enraged with the manner in which the Fathers remonstrated with him that he stirred up a general rebellion, which resulted in the destruction of several Missions, and the death of two Fathers. An attack was made upon San Ignacio, which was repulsed by the soldiers and converted Indians, and thirty prisoners were marched into Loreto. The Mission Indians, who had a hankering after their native customs, hoped to have had the pleasure of killing them, and were disappointed when the sentence was commuted into the public whipping of the chief offender. These Indians remained for some time at the Mission, and were kindly treated.

Perhaps it may not be uninteresting here to get a glimpse of the daily life at the Mission. Homely and simple details, made picturesque by their grouping and location. The Indians assembled at the sound of the bell in the church to hear mass. Then breakfast of a preparation of boiled corn, called *atole*. Then all went to work till noon. At noon there was a dinner of boiled corn, meat and vegetables. At night, devotion and more *atole*. It was a sort of devotional industrial school, in which the Fathers were head laborers, head cooks, physicians and priests; and each Father was attended by a soldier, who was vicegerent in the priest's absence. Small faults were punished with whipping, for greater ones the penalty was the stocks. They were furnished with coarse clothes and blankets. Everywhere the children were the first care. They were taught reading, writing, singing, and Spanish. The children from six to ten, the sick and the aged were provided for, and a certain allowance was given to outsiders, provided they came for instruc-

tion. It was found that the best of these people would, with characteristic carelessness, waste all they gathered. So store-houses were built, in which the crops were placed and distributed as necessity required, or used in helping out some other Mission. As we might imagine, many would prefer the free and vagrant life, drifting up and down the plains and mountains; but, after all, there was a *degré* of solid comfort at the Mission, where, thanks to the wise forethought of the Fathers, the meals were regular, the clothing coarse, though comfortable, and a shelter from the chilly nights was provided, to say nothing of the æsthetic charm of the music, in which the sweet, melancholy modulations of the trained Indian voice mingled in the music of the mass, and the charm of color, always so attractive to the savage eye, in the vestments and ceremonies of the church.

You might have seen, a hundred and fifty years ago, in some solitary valley, or creeping through a trail in the foothills, a singular cavalcade. Two priests riding foremost, grave, weather-beaten men; then, an escort of a few soldiers, in the Spanish costume of the period, and a small train of mules, packed with the necessities of a journey and the furniture of a church. So they wandered through the mountains and surveyed the valleys until a suitable place was found. When this was done, the bells were hung on trees, and the call was made, "Hear ye, gentiles, come to the Holy Church." The mules were unpacked, the church furniture arranged in a temporary building, and the Padres, with their grave Spanish simplicity, would set earnestly to work to hunt up parishioners. In this case it was not the church who called the clergyman, but the clergy who called together the church. And it may here be worthy of remark that the first of those grants of land called Spanish grants, made in California, was to a Spanish soldier who had married a native convert.

It took men of some force, physical as well as mental, to

control these kind of parishioners. On one occasion, after the foundation of a Mission, and when things were just beginning to get into working order, some outside Indians came to mass, who permitted themselves some jesting and smothered laughter at these novel ceremonies. One man, who seemed to be the wit of the party, stood within arms length of the Father who was performing the service; and, after enduring the interruption quietly for some time, the Padre at last stretched forth his hand, seized the offender, swayed him gently backward and forward two or three times, and set him down a sadder and a wiser man.

As the signs of revolt began to threaten, word was sent to Mexico of their precarious condition, but it was treated with the usual indifference. The Viceroy communicated with Spain on the subject, but they all might have been exterminated ere succor could arrive, had it not been for the Indians themselves. Those not concerned in the revolt appeared to be seized with grief and regret, like children left without a father, and the head men of each friendly tribe, taking from the different Missions the crucifixes and ornaments which had been left behind, came in procession to Loreto and stood outside the gates of the garrison, as if making a testimony of their innocence of any unfriendly intentions. "You have baptized us," they said, "you have taught us the name "and worship of the true God; you have gathered us from "the dry mountains to the watered vales; you have made us "believe that good acts bring happiness; you have made us "your children. Will you now forsake us? Is it just that a "whole nation should suffer for the sins of a few?" The Fathers were touched at this friendly demonstration, but they thought it wise to defer a few days to test their sincerity. The conspirators from the revolted tribes were given up; some were flogged, and others banished from the Missions. One tribe, the Yaquis, assembled five hundred men for the relief of the Fathers.

We see, then, that upon our California the curse of no bloodshed and massacre of native races rests, as it does upon the dark record of Mexico and Peru. And to what are we indebted for this? Principally to the faithfulness and spiritual power of three men and their compeers, who devoted unreservedly the whole of their life and energies to the Indians of California—abilities and energies that might have made their mark anywhere in the civilized world, and which we, who have inherited their labors and come into possession of a land freed from the terrible curse which the oppression and destruction of the innocent ever entails, ought never to forget. They were meek, gentle, scholarly men, who could be very firm and very brave; geographers, explorers, tillers of the soil, brick-layers, handicraftmen, tailors, weavers, vine-dressers and priests. Well did they understand and practice the old monastic proverb, *Laborare est orare*—"To labor is to pray."

THE EXPULSION OF THE JESUITS.

We must not forget that these men were Jesuits. Nor can we forget all that the word Jesuitry implies—of dark intrigue, of unscrupulous greed for the advancement of the Order, or the tremendous power wielded by its compact and perfect discipline; but let us not, also, forget that use and good may reside even in the most apparently mean and false thing. Let us look to the spirit and not to the letter, and try, each individual by his or her works. The Jesuits have been expelled in turn from almost every country in Europe. And why? Because they were so strong, so united in the power of unconditional personal surrender, that they were feared by the powers that be. There is hardly any limit to the power of an idea which becomes a religious conviction, embodied in ever so small a company. Its power of multiplication is infinite, its resources almost boundless. But the position taken must be affirmative, not negative; hence the weakness

of all simply Protestant communities, though that element has been needed, even down to the verge of the extremest radicalism. Yet there is no power there, and it is felt if not confessed. Spiritualism also sadly fails on that side, and is weak for want of the grand centralization of definite, positive power, focalized on a great religious idea suited to the wants of this day and generation, and more particularly adapted to the needs of this great American people, the advance guard of the whole world. We have had imported religion as well as imported fashions. It is for this people yet to realize one of the highest religious and divine manifestations that has yet dawned on the world. It might be called, as an inspired one now passed away called it, "The Unity Dispensation," a comforter to head and heart in the fierce struggles that are at hand, and the only ark that can safely ride on the waters that are already white with angry surges. Then will come organization; then will come order; then will come power—a power only to be attained by putting ourselves on one side, so that God may shine through us, and combining together on that principle. I will quote from some thoughts of Mr. Judd Pardee, published in May, 1862, some prophetic words on this subject: "The end of this war is not peace. A bitterer struggle ensues then. The battle-fields are transferred; for the God in man is roused to arms by bugle blasts of inspiration against the devil in conventionality. A three-fold conventionality, the parents of a plenteous brood, oppresses, depresses, and continually impresses us. A deliverance from this saddening psychology is absolutely dependent on a stronger force. The spirit of conservatism, the spirit of militaryism, and the spirit of the spiritual new—these three will be wrestlers. I see that the second spirit will be the greatest for a season, and a military dictatorship takes the rule when Abraham Lincoln's time is out, if not before. If the long man is not ousted by assassination or a natural death ere his Presiden-

“ tial close, at least afterwards comes in the iron man. A known chieftain, to become yet more known, will take the reins by big acclaim. Why will it be? For the reason that this constitutional government is too inefficient in the tightening adversity; because too flaccid in the muscles of its own right arm; for exigency's sake altogether too centreeless; and, next, because a military rule must be the bridge between republicanism and theocracy.”

The pulse of to-day beats at a fever heat, and men seem to be walking in a dream. There is little true, natural life. The system is either lashed up into the excitements of business or pleasure or braced up with stimulants to ward off the dreaded reaction. We pass through life in a vain show, with only passing glimpses of our own possibilities. Will the kind reader pardon this digression from the calm quiet of the California of the Padres to our more stormy period?

The Jesuits had now become a power; they had achieved that which the government failed to achieve, and thence a dull jealousy, a feeling of suspicion, a petty spite on many quarters. Still the circumstance of the loss of the boat's crew made it expedient to send out more succor to the Missions. The Order also sent out some new laborers. In 1745 there were sixteen Mission stations and 25,000 converts. Once established, success was sure.

The good taste and judgment of the church in selecting building sites is proverbial. Peace and plenty crown their efforts. Flocks and herds, corn, wine and oil were sustained and produced by the genial and fertile soil. The word, home, so dear to the heart must have been realized by these priests in the land of their adoption. Happy those who were laid at rest in the sunny soil they loved so well, ere the gathering tempest broke and they were expelled, banished, driven from the familiar gardens, the familiar faces, the familiar haunts so dear to the studious and the solitary. Banishment, expulsion, is a bitter word. When we have made

a place of repose, after great effort and privation, it is hard at once to abandon it.

The Jesuits labored in the footsteps of Ugarte till 1776, unsuspecting, undisturbed, increasing in wealth and influence. Almost every year brought ships from the Phillipine Islands, with crews sick of the scurvy, for them to feed and succor. Commodore Anson, among others, paid them a visit, but spoke very discouragingly of the country, saying that there was no other commodity but a little wine there, nor any hopes of there ever being any. But they were abundantly supplied with the necessaries, and even some of the luxuries of life.

The government, in the meantime, knowing that the Order were more masters in California than they were, sent ships with secret and sealed orders; and so well did they accomplish their design that in one night every Jesuit was seized and made ready to leave the province. These men, so valiant for their work, were not valiant for themselves. They went away as quietly as they came, leaving their works behind them. This was in 1766.

THE ADVENT OF THE FRANCISCANS.

In 1767 came the Franciscans, with Father Jumpero Lerra, a scholar, an earnest and sincere man, who was actuated by the spirit, and trod in the footsteps of Ugarte and Salva Tierra. Most of the Missions in Upper California were founded by the Franciscans, and the founding of these new Missions was necessarily attended with more or less privation. In 1770 the Mission of San Diego was founded—old San Diego—and provisions ran so short, that Lerra had recourse to prayer; but, most opportunely, the “San Antonio” arrived, and he sailed in her for Monterey. In a letter, which is still preserved, he says, “On the 3d of June, 1771, being “Pentecost, ~~we~~ assembled under the shade of a large oak “tree. The Veni Creator was sung, and mass said, after

“ which, we all dined together in a shady place by the beach.” After many inquiries for absent friends, he says, “ I have not had a letter from any Christian country for more than a year.” In 1772, the Mission of San Gabriel, near Los Angeles, was founded. Father Lerra writes from thence: “ The milk of the cows, and the vegetables of the garden, are our two great sources of subsistence, but even these begin to get scarce. But it is not for this I feel mortified, but because we have not been able to go on with more Missions.” After asking that more missionaries may be sent, he adds, as if in a moment of discouragement: “ but let those who come here come well provided with patience and charity, and let them pass on in good humor, and they may become rich—I mean in troubles.”

In 1772, San Luis Obispo was founded. In the same year San Diego was attacked, and one of the Fathers killed. In 1776, that year so remarkable as the era of republican liberty in this country, while Washington, Jefferson and the rest of their illustrious compeers were laying wide and deep the foundations of our republican institutions in the East, Jumpero Lerra founded the Mission of San Francisco, and surveyed the harbor. At the time of the secularization in 1835, forty leagues of land were attached to the mission of San Francisco, there was 25,000 dollars of specie in the treasury, and 35,000 dollars worth of merchandize; its hills were covered with cattle, its barns well filled. Jumpero Lerra died at the Mission of San Francisco at the age of 71. He was a man of various and extensive learning; had known the life of Courts and the amenities of polished society, but he kept before him the same undeviating purpose and unswerving aim which had marked his predecessors. Shortly after the founding of the Mission of San Francisco, the Mission of Santa Clara, Santa Barbara and five others were founded.

THE DEPARTURE OF THE FRANCISCANS.

The seed sown was now beginning to produce its result in a harvest of temporal prosperity. What was the capital with which these enterprises were started? In the first place, voluntary contributions were invested by trustees in Mexico under the name of the California Pious Fund. Four hundred dollars a year was the salary of each priest.

Such was the capital with which these establishments were started, and from which they grew in wealth and prosperity, so as to make them too tempting a prey to a needy and unscrupulous Government to be left untouched. During the time of the prosperity of these great self-supporting communities, they each possessed from 30,000 to 100,000 head of cattle, besides sheep. They exported large quantities of hides, tallow, grain and wine. So much confidence did they inspire, that the word of a Padre was good to the American and English houses with whom they had dealings. They only were capable of throwing all this produce into the market. The Indians had all their wants supplied, and lived in peace and plenty.

After the period of prosperity we have indicated, the time drew nigh when the Franciscans too must quit the soil where their unremitting labors had not been able to secure them either a home or a country. In 1825, Mexico threw off her allegiance to the Spanish crown, and became an independent nation. The Mexican General, Echuada, arrived in Monterey, Upper California, with full power to receive the submission of California to the Mexican Government. The Franciscans were requested to take the oath of allegiance to the new Government. This they could not do without the consent of the Prefecto, as the head of the Order was styled. The Spanish Prefecto declared himself unwilling to take the oath, until his king had abandoned the sovereignty of California. Upon this, Echuada had him arrested and banished to Manilla. He also told the Padres that their yearly stipend

of 400 dollars was withheld, and that they were subject to his orders. The California Pious Fund, which had been invested in Mexico, formed but a small morsel for the hungry office-seekers and politicians who beset the new Government. The Mexican authorities in California assigned lands to the Indians employed on the Missions, and told the Padres that they would relieve them of the burden of their temporal affairs; that they might better attend to their spiritual functions. The Fathers thus lost their influence on the community, and everything went to decay. The small stipend which supplied their wants had placed them in a position to command respect and to labor for the world. They saw, now that their work here was ended, that their pleasant fields must soon be desolate, their gardens deserted, their hearths solitary. Fearing starvation for the Indians, and seeing how they were likely to be defrauded, they even encouraged them in the yearly branding of the cattle, when the animals were coralled, and each proprietor had his private mark branded on the shoulder of the animal, to let some go wild in the woods as a resource in time of need.

At Santa Monica, 17 or 18 miles from Los Angeles, along the coast, there were, seven or eight years ago, wild cattle in the woods. Father Antonio Pera came to San Luis Rey in 1798. He built a small thatched cottage, and asked for some Indians and soldiers from another Mission. After a residence of 34 years, he left the place stocked with 60,000 head of domesticated animals of all sorts, fields yielding 13,000 bushels of grain per year, a church and a complete set of buildings, and yet, after all these years of labor, he left with only sufficient funds to join his convent in Mexico, and throw himself upon the charity of his Order. In 1827, some of the Padres left in American ships for Boston, and thence to Spain. In 1835, others left for Mexico. Some died in the country, and were buried under the churches of their Missions. This year the power of the priests was transferred to Government

officers, called Administradores—one on each Mission. Any one who understands the general style and manner of acting of Government officials, with some rare exceptions, can realize that this was not a beneficial change. Appointed generally by favoritism, subject to be displaced at an uncertain date, the system offers a premium to all the greed and selfishness of our nature. From 1835 to 1848, a period of thirteen years, California was under the rule of Mexican and Spanish Governors. Don Pio Pico, one of the last of these Governors, still resides near Los Angeles. In 1848, the great year of revolutions, California was ceded to the United States, together with Texas and New Mexico, in consideration of fifteen millions in money, the assumption of the Mexican debt to United States citizens, and the right to the navigation of the gulf.

RESUME OF THE WHOLE.

Our survey is completed. Very rapid and very much condensed it has necessarily been. The slow, tranquil years drifted by in the sunny Missions of the Pacific slope, rightly so called, while in the East, on the Atlantic slope, a great empire was being born; and while the Padres were doing their work on the Pacific, Washington, Jefferson, Paine, and their illustrious compeers, were building up with sword and pen, as God's own appointed ministers, the foundations of the mighty American Nation, whose dominion spans the continent, and is only terminated by the Pacific Ocean. The torch of liberty lighted here passed over to Europe, and created the wars of the Revolution and the Empire; thence, the beginning of a series of convulsions that has not yet terminated, but is only gathering strength for another and more tremendous outbreak.

We do not claim for our friends, the Padres, that they were perfect, any more than we ourselves are; we simply say that they were in *earnest*, which is more than some of us are. The ranks of reform are to-day filled with a clamorous crowd

who all claim to be leaders, masters, teachers. Individual sovereignty is running as wild as individual despotism did in former times. The true leader and organizer in our ranks, the Christos of the nineteenth century, must be the servant, not the master; the servant of man and the servant of God, for how can he command who has never learned to obey?

We have set before you a lesson in two parts, clearly defined and full of instruction. Part 1st. The Jesuits in California. Part 2d. The Franciscans. The world is a great school, in which millions of souls are being educated, and all there is of any real worth in life is the education our souls get out of its experiences. Two classes were called up on the Pacific Coast, and our friends the Padres were the monitors. The great schoolmaster knew when it was best the lessons should be ended; he knows also what other classes he designs to call up. There is more order in the great world history than some are disposed to admit.

The best and most enduring part of the teachings of the Padres, is what they themselves suspected least. It has left its lessons on every stone of their deserted dwellings, every tree which their hands planted, and consists in the example which they have left to the world of the practical success and self-supporting nature of great industrial organizations, even when commenced and carried on in the face of the greatest disadvantages, and with comparatively small means. The problem of industrial organization and social reform, will be that in which the generations that are to follow us, our children and our children's children, will be most deeply interested. The Padres gave some good and wise hints in this direction; for this will their names live when conquerors and kings are forgotten. The silent influence of the peaceful Spaniards will inaugurate new industrial organizations on soil already consecrated to that purpose; not in vain, to our State, yet in its infancy, but commanding in an almost unexampled manner the elements of success, has the lesson of

the great industrial and self-supporting communities, known as the Missions of California, been given. The religious element has been admirably adapted to sustain man in the seasons of darkness through which he has passed the night and twilight of the world's more perfect day. In prosperity, the same religious element is the great regulating element. The spiritual or coronal region is at the summit; like heaven's overarching dome, it presides over intellect, affection, passion. And yet all these must have their place; in denying these, we in so far deny God. Yet our friends, the Padres, were not to blame in the denial they inflicted on the two latter elements. They saw that the God man, that is Humanity, personified by their familiar emblem, the lacerated and suffering Christ of the Crucifix, was still in a state of crucifixion, but they did not fully realize that a complete renewal and consecration of all his attributes must follow upon his entrance into new and higher phases of existence. When, instead of the stereotyped crucifix, we look to the risen, ascended and spiritual Christ, the ideal God man, that is humanity, represented by Him, the regeneration of the world will have begun. The time is not distant. Tempests and storms will usher in a brighter day. Nowhere more strikingly than in our own State, are the workings of the great volcanic forces manifest. Nowhere is earth adorned with a fresher garland of beauty. Mighty cañons are split through huge rocks, revealing their hidden secrets. Metalliferous rocks are permeated with precious metals, marble, coal and health-giving mineral springs. Nature has prepared the place for a laboratory of new ideas, and a new social order. Providence has given it a history to match with its strange and singular beauty, its magnificent opulence, its wonderful fertility. Who were its conquerors? Ask Cortez. No, the proud Spaniard turns away humiliated. In the serene mansions of the just made perfect, shall we invoke the benignant presence of Salva Tierra and Ugarte. They smile with an ineffable smile,

those men of gentle and heroic endurance, at whose hearths no woman smiled, as they point to the beautiful form of her whom they call the conqueror of California—the beautiful symbol of divinely regenerated woman, idealized in Mary of Galilee. To-day the emancipation and divine regeneration of Woman, is the great question to which all other issues are comparatively trivial. This must inaugurate new departures both in social and governmental science. I cannot refrain from adding a few thoughts suggested by the above facts, which open a wide and brilliant perspective.

THOUGHTS AND THEORIES.

The first idea suggested is the necessity of a true idea of government as a necessity of well-being. The most god-like minds have either terminated their career by a violent death, as Christ did, or they have led lives of poverty and obscurity in an age that did not recognize their truth, because the power of selfishness, the animal in man, was too strong for the spiritual, and quenched its heaven-sent light. The idea of government has been exclusively masculine, as the idea of God has been. Now, the idea of the entire masculinity of God is, as F. R. McKinley said, “a swell of presumptuous vanity in the mere male mind.” The God-head is bi-sexual, whether a principle or a personality, or it could not exist—could not permeate all nature and be represented in all nature by the divine sexual element in all its various combination and modification. “All things, by a law divine,” says Shelly, “with one another’s being mingle.” The idea of God in the Romish Church is essentially bi-sexual. *Mary* represents the feminine side of God; hence another element of power. In the last century an obscure English woman, Ann Lee, for the first time in any Protestant community, proclaimed the idea of a father and mother God. She came to America and founded the now wealthy Order of Shakers, among whom the first spiritual manifestations took place

long previous to those at Rochester. The idea of God the Supreme, or whatever man believes in as such, creates and modifies all our ideas of government, so that the recognition of woman in the government of the community by the Shakers, was a natural consequence of their religious belief.

You ask, Whence had the best ideas of government their rise? I answer, From the highest inspirations of men in some critical moment. Such was Magna Charta, such the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. But as time rolls on, with the progress of development fresh necessities arise and fresh inspiration is given. The water of a river gets turbid and muddy near a large city where many people and factories are congregated; but let us make a pilgrimage to its source—leave the haunts of men for the home of the beaver; and then up higher, leaving the hemlocks to where the pines point straight to heaven; what do you find? A gentle, lovely rill, fed from the clouds and dews of heaven; and it so happy up there with the birds and the wind and the sweet shade of trees, that it murmurs a low song of sweet content. As in case of war and devastation men flee to the mountains to hide until the scourge is passed over, so in times of extreme necessity, when the birth or death of a nation or civilization is in question, then are men driven to the high places of divine and elevated thought to seek inspirations for the emergency. How can any of us tell how near such a time may be at hand, and how are we prepared for it?

I feel very certain that all governments founded on force, must sooner or later fall into a chaotic condition. Force is the supremely masculine element, and must go to its utmost—almost to the destruction of the human race, if it were possible—ere he will invoke the aid of the feminine element, the other side of God.

The uneasiness of the feminine element is affecting societies—it is affecting governments. A new idea is always a

disturbing element, no matter in how beautiful and mild a form it comes. Even the gentle and sweet words of the man of Nazareth were as burning coals and firebrands to existing governments. Justice, love and truth, not force, must be the strength of a true government. And how is it possible for man to be evenly balanced on these divine principles alone? A solitary man or woman may be indeed oftentimes alone; lonely as was Elijah in the desert, and yet so near the father heart or mother heart of God that they can draw down from the skies the very elements they need for their succor. The voice of the Comforter is never absent if we are only in a condition to hear it. "Peace I leave with you; my peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth give I unto you." Great leaders, great organizers, germinal centres of thought, are God's greatest gift to man.

Our friends the Padres proved themselves capable of utilizing very intractable elements in the face of the greatest difficulties, not so much by the masculine power of force as by the feminine power of love and inspiration. For this are their efforts interesting to the student of social science.

The great life of humanity, as a whole, may be compared to a tree, wide and branching and bearing various and goodly fruits, according as the influences of the sky, the sun, the moon, the rains, the dews are favorable to its growth and development, and as the deep striking roots draw nourishment in the rich, moist earth below. Still, all the possibilities of humanity are in the seed, the germ. Not one of rich and beautiful fruits that has blossomed so sweetly and fruited so grandly on the life tree of the nations, but was in essence in the rough kernel, the undeveloped seed, planted here on the earth ages and ages ago. One after another the conspicuous fruits appeared which made the glory of this life-tree of the nations. And these were the few men who have swayed the earth, not only while they lived, but ages after their disappearance from the scene of action. Moses in Egypt, Brahma

in India, Confucius in China, Socrates in Greece, Mahomet in Arabia, were conspicuous century flowers in this tree of the ages. Their possibilities were all in the common seed of our humanity. Everything that they have reached or that has yet been reached is not equal to the capacities of humanity in ages yet to come.

A great man, a great hero, a great prophet, is God's representative here on earth. He appears ; he grows ; he becomes a centre to millions of minds ; he shines in the light of God like a steady, fixed star, while the tides of humanity go fluctuating and ebbing, now into light, through the gate of birth, and then into that other eternity whither we all are hastening. These guiding lights in the world's march have been few and far between.

Nearly 1900 years ago the world tree flowered and bore its fairest fruit. No such fruit has it borne before or since. Its perfume has sweetened the world's air. Its gentle aroma has been preserved as a divine benediction, not only in individual lines which it has made brighter and better, but it has permeated governments, and with subtle sweetness given life to new ideas. Where should we have been to-day if Christ had not lived? Certainly, not where we are now. His life was just the opposite of the selfish accumulation of forces by one man for his own benefit. It was the giving up of self to God ; and then a giving of God to the world, the hungry world, the dying world, the world that is dying for just such life. He lived, and loved, and died ; and the heart of the most advanced portion of the world has gone after him ever since—the Christos consolator ! the consoling Christ ! There is a throbbing hope felt everywhere of some new light, some new hope breaking from the spheres beyond.

In the burning plains of India, the Hindoo is waiting for Vishnu.

“Nine times hath Brahma’s wheels of lightning hurled
“His awful presence o’er a prostrate world.
“Nine times hath guilt through all her giant frame,
“Convulsive trembled, as the mighty came;
“But Heaven shall burst her starry gates again;
“He comes; dread Brahma shakes the sunless sky
“With lightning speed, and thunders from on high,
“Heaven’s fiery horse beneath his warrior form,
“Paws the light clouds, and flickers in the storm.”

The Zuni Indian upon the plains of Mexico every morning turns his face to the East and calls for the return of his lost Montezuma. We are all waiting for the great life-tree of the world to put forth another great century blossom, to bear another wondrous fruit, which shall be to other ages what Christ has been to us—a reappearance of the glory of God in the shape of man. “I am the way, the truth and “the life,” said Christ. “No man cometh to the Father but by me.” But now we have got to draw nigh also to the infinite and ineffable tenderness of the Divine Mother.

This same indwelling divine power, blossoming out through humanity, may produce fruits more gloriously conspicuous than any that have yet appeared. What will be the shape and hue of the next great flower that the tree of humanity will put forth after so many years’ repose? From our present needs, I should say that we require an organizer, a judge, a ruler, a leader, a divine law giver. He will, then, perhaps, at no distant date, appear, declare himself, and be recognized as one of the world’s great saviours. After a while he will disappear, and his memory will be embalmed in loving gratitude for hundreds of years, till his work, too, is done, and the growing needs of humanity call for a fresh manifestation. By that time the laws of our nature will have been learned more thoroughly, much of the discipline the world needs in its present childish and ignorant state will have been gone through with, and the world’s great heart will pant for some further manifestation. They will wait then as we are waiting now, only in a much more advanced state. Order will have taken the place of disorder, the laws of life will be bet-

ter understood, and still there will be a waiting even then, a desiring and aspiring for something higher. It will be again answered, and a golden fruit of divinest love will bless and cheer the world. We are not prepared for this manifestation yet. That will be a joyous time. Still, looking into the sunlighted splendors of that happy day, I can see a time when there will come a longing for something more; when the happy earth will wait and watch again, not in sadness and almost in fear, as we are waiting now, but with the sunny hope of the child who is called to the grander rooms of its father's mansion, where more glorious guests are assembled. At last, then, the great life-tree will blossom from its very central stem, filling earth with the fragrance of the heavens, and this last great flower, beyond which I can see no farther, will be called Harmony. A sweet day will then bless the earth, so cool, so calm, so bright, the true bridal of the earth and sky.



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